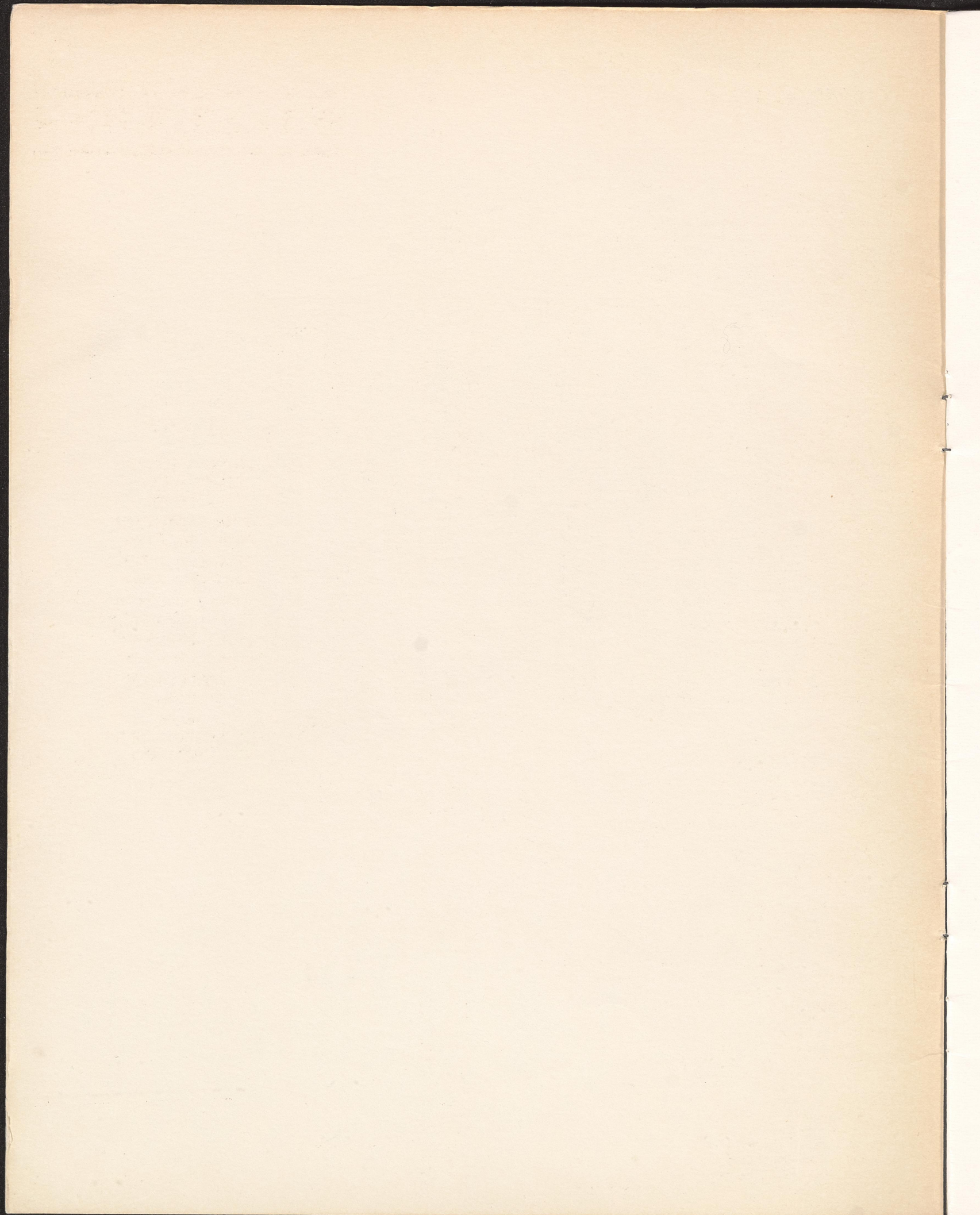




# HALLMARKS OF HARPETH HALL

SPRING 1966







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## PROTECTOR

Nena Couch, '68

*Brown eyes, trusting;  
A small head laid upon my knee.  
Alert ears,  
A look that says,  
"You are my friend.  
You are my protector."*

*Then a sharp noise breaks the  
Silence.  
My little friend moves forward  
With stealth.  
He stops and turns.  
The brown eyes say,  
"Now I will protect you."*



## LOVE ON A BUBBLE

Jean Williams, '67

*Love came to me on a bubble,  
Drifting in the breeze, enhanced by the sunlight  
That shone through its transparent form,  
Showing a swirling mass of rainbow colors.  
With arms outstretched, I ran  
To catch and study it closely;  
But rising above my reach, it burst,  
Leaving only its moist fragments  
To fall and fade on my palm.*

## A BUBBLE'S WORTH

Janice Farringer, '67

*A tiny black delicate thing,  
A widow in black mourning,  
Who never misses a gathering,  
She flaunts with ornament of red  
To catch the eye.*

*They saw her and knew the danger of her sting,  
But like inquisitive beasts  
They set her afloat  
A shiny, black, out-rigged canoe  
In a crystal jar.*

*Our lady undaunted blew her world into a  
bubble round her.  
There in safety did she ride  
Until the children  
Pricked her film of hope.*

## VICARIOUS IMMORTALITY

Genevieve Lewis Steele, '67

There is a touch of primitive fatalism in all of us. A man is bad, but if he is bad with a flair we love him. We admire bold excess of the same faults which we condemn in more timid quantities. A man dies and nobody cares, but if he dies with a sneer or a prayer or a futile fight we call it tragedy. The human predicament is so hopeless that anyone who bucks the tide for even a second is a hero in whose deeds we can regain a bit of lost immortality.

## IN ORDER TO LIVE

Anita Woodcock, '68

*In order to live  
Two things are necessary,  
Both are important;  
A memory for conscience,  
And hope for the days to come.*



## THE DEATH OF ALTER-EGO

Andrea Davis, '66

*All night you knocked, knocked at my window.  
You stood in the pelting rain, knee deep in mem-  
ory's mud.  
You cried out to me, "I've come back, I've come  
back,  
Let me in." I crouched in horror beneath the sill,  
Hiding from you. All night I covered my face  
with my hands,  
My back against the cold stone wall, pleading,  
praying  
That it would be strong enough to shield me from  
your cruelty,  
Your relentless pounding, your omniscience.  
All night you moaned, you chanted, you sobbed.  
You called out to me again, "I've come back,  
sweet.  
You loved me once—you can love me again."  
I could not answer you. The words stuck in my  
throat.  
But I knew why you were here. I knew why you  
were born.  
I only wept—silently, unceasingly, morbidly.  
You pressed your ugly, scarred face against the  
glass and I screamed.  
I became weak. Your form became only a blurred  
unreality—spinning, reeling.  
Yet I knew you were still there, for I felt the  
sudden rush  
Of cold air into the room and heard the broken  
glass tinkling  
And saw the blood drip redly from your intrud-  
ing hand.  
Was it really me that laughed, then, coldly?  
"So," I said, "you are mortal, too. You can perish  
As painfully as your erstwhile lover.  
She is dying. She lies in a heap here at my feet,  
A trembling, sickly mass of phobias,  
While yet you live." Flinging open the shattered  
window,  
I leaped upon you and we grappled desperately  
in the mud.  
Your breath was sweet and fast upon my cheek,  
And your loins were warm against me,  
But I knew only the icy winter rain upon my  
breast,  
And the coldness of your heart.*

*You died in me tonight. I killed you,  
Crushing your twisted form into the mud, while  
yet  
Your blood coursed through my viens.  
You stayed away too long, you bastard dream,  
To claim relation to me.*

## WE ARE PASSIVE

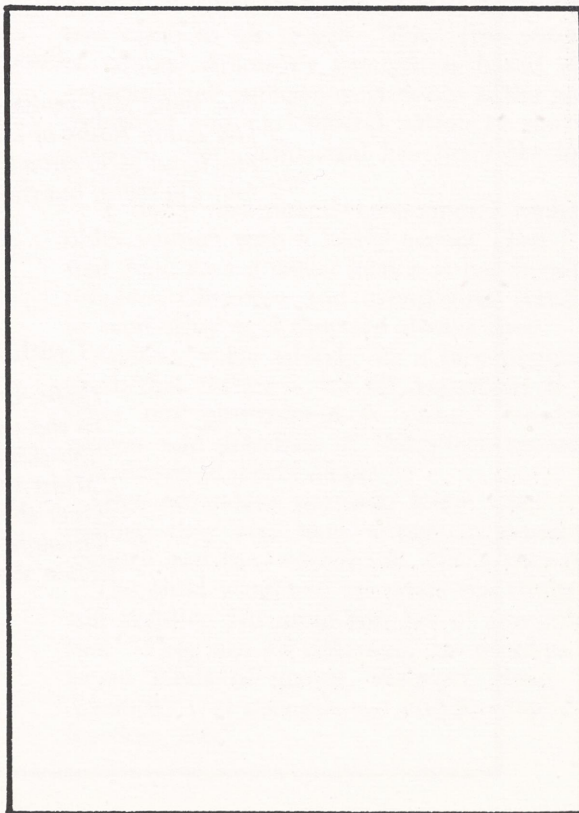
Janice Farringer, '67

*We are passive, our worlds are small.  
She chases leaves and lets the wind blow her  
hair. . . an odd one many times alone.  
We are together, always together.  
How beautiful to run through the grass alone  
with bare feet.*

## FAR FROM US

Lucinda Trabue, '66

*They are so distant . . .  
Yet we must go to the heights that were destined  
for us.  
They seem so far at the time of youth . . .  
So immediate at middle age.  
Yet, again so far behind as we review our lives.*





# FIVE MINUTE SCRATCHES

**Janice Farringer, '67**

*A quill pen can create  
Beautiful lines;  
The flow of letters is endless;  
The beauty of words is forever;  
A goose should be proud  
To go naked.*

**Coco Dale, '67**

*The snow slid moistly from the clear grey sky;  
The damp limbs of trees rose to the deep night;  
The wind blew out a thin, wavering sigh;  
And I'm sorry, but that's all I could write.*

**Cynthia Stow, '67**

*Light, bright,  
In the moonlight  
She skimmed  
'Midst the flowers,  
Over the velvet grass  
Of night—  
Then she tripped.*



## SIGNATURE

Anne Beach, '68

*On that blank canvas I would paint a stream  
Of memories which yet are not too old  
To warm me still with their unfaded gleam.  
There are so many thoughts I would unfold  
By touching colors to this lifeless white;  
Such images so vivid in my mind  
Should fall in place, each outline drawn with  
bright  
Unlabored stroke, its special truth to bind.  
And it would seem no task to recreate  
A meadow, or the angry, wind-tossed sea;  
A joyful face, a mountain rising great  
And tall above the village in its lee.*

*Memories themselves may slowly wane  
But here the things I've loved will still remain.*

## YESTERDAY

Cynthia Stow, '67

*Four came to me ore year ago,  
Me thought they'd last, but nay,  
Me dream 's broke last night this time;  
Their bird left yesterday.*

*Arock with roll, they sailed to me,  
Und each 'e 'ad 'is say.  
By night, by light they were with me;  
Their bird lift yesterday.*

*Dear Pyr with eyes angelic like,  
Pufft cheeks and act so gay,  
"Thy mantle good, all covered in blood?"  
Pyr fumbled yesterday.*

*Old Thiz did enter, pigtails, all,  
"Ziz Ninny's tomb?" he bay.  
"Where is my luv?" he arsk and larf;  
It died but yesterday.*

*"When lion . . . in wildest rage doth roar,"  
Say Shakespeare in a play.  
A little man roared that to me;  
The Starr fell yesterday.*

*The moon shines bright on clearly nights,  
In June, July, and May.  
Then I saw Moon shine in my life;  
His dog howl'd yesterday.*

*My Moonshine took his flight at last,  
Dear Lion, still he lay.  
And Pyr plus Thiz fell, pens in hand;  
Their plane crashed yesterday.*

## Why Freedom Is America's Greatest Source of Strength and Justice

Betsy Consor, '66

"On this table, John Hancock signed the Declaration of Independence. . . ."

Sunday a small freckled ten-year-old burst into the room from his curious investigation of the Liberty Bell.

" . . . which was the cornerstone of America's freedom, our greatest source of strength and justice . . ." continued the guide as though even this disturbance could not interrupt his memorized spiel.

"WHY?"

The startled eyes of the crowd focused on the source of the sudden bland outburst.

"What?"

"Why is freedom our greatest source of strength and justice?"

"W-w-well . . ." stuttered the guide who was by now completely shaken. A well-dressed executive came to his rescue. "Why, free enterprise, of course! America's strength is based on her economic self-sufficiency. America is the greatest industrial and agricultural nation in the world because every individual has the right to own a profitable business."

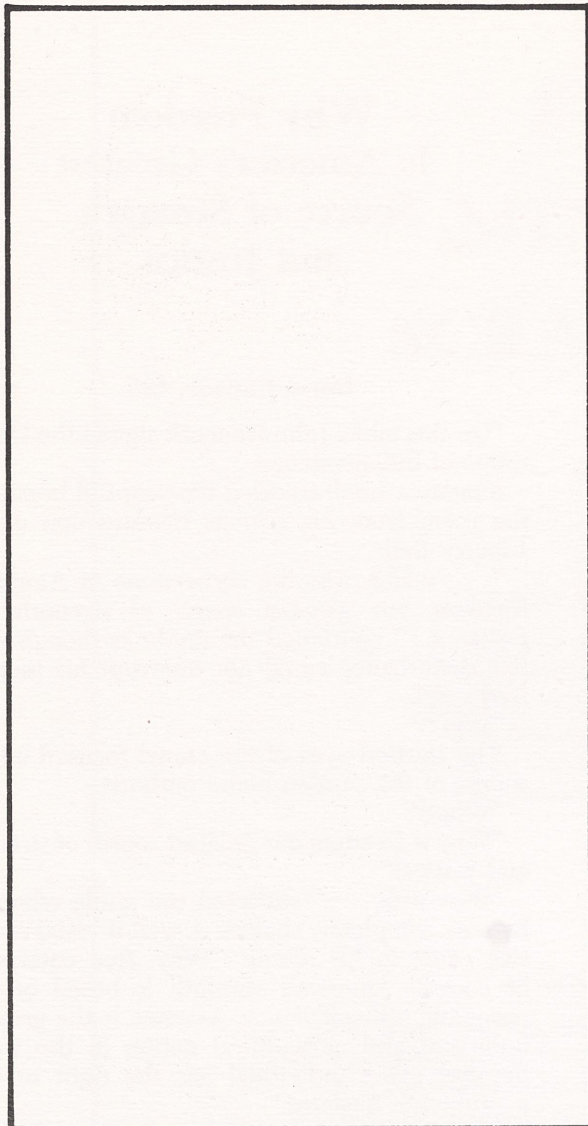
"I don't understand economies," replied an older woman with a heavy accent. "But I think that America's greatest justice is her freedom of religion. Churches and synagogues stand next to each other, and they are always open."

Another voice added, "As a newspaperman I think that justice is for all Americans to know what our government is doing. Freedom of speech and freedom of the press spread this knowledge of world affairs."

"But Americans not only know what is happening; they also have a part in running the country and they support it. That's strength!"

The child wandered off while the adults were still arguing. His mind was full of new information. "They are all different," he decided. "Different kinds of people, different ideas. That's America's real strength and justice. Maybe that's freedom, too."





## GENTLE DEPRESSION

Genevieve Lewis Steele, '67

*It's raining  
Just enough to paint the roads  
A little brighter.  
The rain drips softly  
On my windowpane  
And I trace the drops  
As they downward run.  
My tears don't try  
To rival the raindrops on the glass.  
They come,  
But stay, and merely wet my eyes.  
I'm sitting here,  
Crying,  
And I don't even know why.*

## BOY OF THE MILL

Mary Alice Bray, '67

*What happened at the mill?  
A small boy was killed.  
How old was the child?  
No one knows;  
How was he dressed?  
In farmer market clothes;  
Did his parents grieve?  
I suppose.  
Was he one of those?  
You mean poor. I guess so.*

## REALIZATION

Jean Williams, '67

*A room filled with people  
Talking, laughing, having fun.  
A voice cries, "Who's got a cigarette?"  
And soon another ring of smoke  
Winds its way to the cloud above,  
Only to lose its shape and distinction.  
The top tunes blare out over the radio;  
But they do not listen:  
Their deaf ears hear only those words  
That concern their lives.  
This talk of sports, of dates, of cars,  
So meaningless,  
But yet so important.  
This, too, is my life.  
So wrong, but yet so right,  
Too carefree for this confused world.  
My heart whispers, "Leave it, leave it!"*

*The door is opened, and everyone runs out,  
Shouting, laughing, having fun;  
And where am I?  
Tagging along behind.*

## UNTIL

Lucinda Trabue, '66

*In this world . . .  
There is love until fate avenges.  
There is happiness until sorrow is made.  
There is hope until doubt o'er shadows.*

*In this world . . .  
There is a song until it meets with confusion.  
There is a scene until it is marred by progress.  
There is a feeling until it is misunderstood.*



## HATE

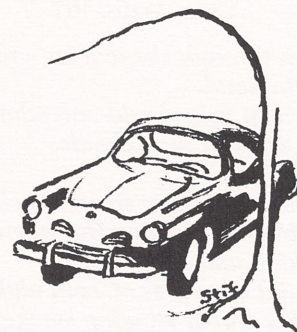
Louise Bilbro, '66

*The hatred that man feels for fellow men—  
That dwells alone within his heart and mind  
Is basically the cause of every sin  
Which uselessly destroys his human kind.  
The first sense that man knows is trust in all,  
And hate develops with the passing years.  
If wisdom only came to those so small,  
An end might come to needless deaths and tears.  
The man who hates thinks he achieves his way  
By killing those with whom he disagrees;  
The river seems to see the destined day  
Towards which he is approaching by degrees.  
For self-destruction is the final fate  
Of one whom hate does wholly dominate.*

## HAMLET THE HIPPIE

Jane West, '66

*To be or not to be: that is the question:  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The pains and fears of outrageous tests,  
Or to seek shelter from an endless sea of classes,  
And by flunking end them? To go to sleep;  
No more; and by a sleep to say we end  
The boredom and the endless scribbled notes  
That students are heir to, 'tis a consumation  
Devoutly to be wish'd. To go to sleep;  
To sleep; perchance to dream; ay, there's the rub,  
For in that classroom sleep what dreams may  
come  
When the droning teacher is tuned out  
Must give us pause: there's the fear  
That makes college of so long life;  
For who would forget a dream of Freud,  
King Henry V, the works of Nietchze,  
Middle American Period, Sir Water Scott,  
The contrapositive proof, theories  
Of mathematical induction and worse  
Though he himself might his quietus make  
On a bare stage? Who would exam week bear  
To slave and sweat under the teacher's eye  
But that the dread of something after exams,  
That low-grade limbo from whose bourne  
No flunkee e'er returns, scares us sick,  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have  
Than fly to others we know not of?  
Thus laziness doth make thirty-year old  
undergraduates of us all,  
And thus the native hue of industry  
Is sicklied o'er with the loud snore of sleep,  
And intentions of hard work and study  
With this student's lethargy turn awry  
And fall into oblivion.*



## DAY AFTER THE FIRST

Sarah Stifler, '66

*Drizzle.  
A wet afternoon.  
A white K.G.  
But there was no one in it.  
Down the path  
There were blue and green flowers  
And some muddy boots  
In a beige jacket's arms.  
Sniff.  
An unused camera  
That wouldn't have been able  
To capture the feeling  
Anyway.  
The rocks were slippery,  
And the feet  
Unwilling  
To take another step  
But rather to stop  
And let eyes meet.  
There was love.*

*No one wants wet popcorn.*

*It would have  
Tasted  
Good  
In any manner.  
Two amplifiers  
Breathing out more love.  
And a kitchen door opened.  
It was over too soon,  
In reality.  
But never in thought.*



## SEARCHING

Coco Dale, '67

*We run through the waving grass  
Hand in hand.  
Knee-deep in emerald splendor,  
Azure sky and pink clouds,  
Searching.  
Picnics in the deep stream-trickled woods  
With breezes tickling the treetops,  
Searching and searching.  
We build cozy fires on cold nights  
With the throat-stinging smoke  
Bringing tears to our eyes.  
Searching, searching.  
Always searching,  
Searching for story-book happiness.*

## MAKE WAY!

Betty Harlin, '66

*Heralded by sweet-voiced robins,  
Blazoned across the hills in emerald letters,  
Punctuated profusely in colors rampant,  
Now boasts her strength in budding leaf,  
Rushing wings,  
Blustering breaths,  
She calls to all as young as she  
Come laugh  
And play  
And sing for all you're worth.  
Let me lead you grandly  
And beautifully  
Into summer's sun-filled hall.*

## ANTI-HOPE

Andrea Davis, '66

*Here upon my bed of straw,  
I lie in sweet repose.  
Won't you set a match to it,  
And liberate my soul?*

*Here within my mother's womb  
I wait, senseless and dumb.  
What a foolish thing a child is,  
Longing for life to come.*

*Here beside a rotten log,  
I hide beneath the leaves.  
That enemy of dying men,  
Hope, is stalking me.*

## THE RAIN

Patty Delony, '66

*The rain is one great beauty in the world  
That scarcely any seem to note or love:  
The silver lining of a cloud unfurled  
With diamond droplets falling from above.  
A rain in autumn drenches every tree,  
A winter rain sets frozen branches free  
And makes the leaves in brighter beauty burn;  
And then to star-like crystals its drops turn.  
Spring rains make the leaves and grass grow  
green,  
And flowers push their heads above the ground;  
A summer rain gives weary leaves new sheen  
And casts a lovely fragrance all around.  
Thus rain at any season of the year  
To God and nature brings men ever near.*

## NEVER TO BE FOUND

Jenny Pappas, '67

*You twisted my mind and soul into a thousand  
tiny pieces,  
Too small to seem significant, too large to go  
unnoticed.  
You gathered the pieces together and threw them  
around,  
Not caring whether you dropped some of them.  
I tried to find the lost ones, but you hid them  
too well.  
The few I did find slipped through my fingers  
into your grasp,  
Never to be found again.*

## WISH

Fondé Thompson, '68

*Oh, to be that bird!  
Soaring in the cloudless sky.  
He is a powerful bird.  
I can tell by his broad wings.  
He soars, climbs, circles and soars again  
In unending, gliding motion.  
I envy his freedom from care and pain.  
No cruel words will ever tear his hard heart.  
They can't.  
He has no heart to be broken.  
Oh, to be that bird!*



? 'S - = 'S

## HOW FER?

Lil Dobson, '67

*Yes, I seen th' accident.  
It wuz his fault.  
He run the stop sign.  
The blue car.  
Where wuz I? Down on Peters Street.  
Yea, I know, it's six blocks away.  
How fer kin I see?  
Well, let's see, how fer's the moon?*

## WHY DO I CRY?

Coco Dale, '67

*Why do I cry?  
When I'm not unhappy,  
When I'm not even thinking  
About anything in particular,  
When I'm just alone  
And there is no sound  
Tears just come,  
And why do I cry?*

## I PASS THAT WAY OFTEN

Janice Farringer, '67

*I pass that way often;  
The house is new, but strangely tired.  
It stands without shade.  
The sun beats down on the bricks and new  
mortar.  
It is a house much like the others,  
But what of the people?  
Why are children never playing on the new  
swings?*



## THE SOUL OF MUSIC

Anne Paine, '67

Music has a magical power. It makes me stir inside. It makes me think. It makes me melancholy. The beauty of music is unbelievable. It seems to creep through my body and control my heart. It takes me out of this everyday, humdrum pseudo-society of which I must be a part. It gives me breath so I may live, or it takes breath—either being equally as wonderful.

Music catches me up in a burning passion which I sense I must make others feel. It is as if I am trying to get to the nucleus of this passion by caressing and instilling it into another, making him feel this unrelenting power of something greater than mere flesh and blood. It is soul, soul compounded and beat into intriguing and tantalizing sequence of notes. Tantalizing because I cannot grasp it. I seek it from my companion, but it is not there. It is inside me, grinding and tearing my heart so that it knows there is nothing stronger or more desirable. I cannot reach for it. That is impossible. I must merely sit in agony as it entices me. I may listen all I like, but it never satisfies. I must dive and bathe in the tunes, trying to recapture their warmth in my own playing and singing, trying to recreate beauty infinitely intricate.

More delicate and sonorous than man can produce or even conceive is music in perfection. It would be unbearable to a mortal. No one would dare listen, but I would. I would writhe in a blinding ecstasy, destroying my body and mind. But my soul would remain creating this perfect music, creating a sound no one dare listen to for fear of becoming lost in it—an enrapturing, tormenting sound too deafening for human ears. The only clue to this perfect music is so nearly it, yet so completely opposite; it is silence.

## FAREWELL OF JANUARY 1

Cynthia Stow, '67

*"I think the best way for us to say goodbye  
Is to be in this detached manner,  
Which you and I frequently are,  
With the thought of long reddish-brown hair,  
A red shirt,  
And a black T-shirt.  
Oh, and this wind. It's magnificent.  
So long."*

## LAST PLACE

Becky Osborn, '67

*Turning the kaleidoscope, I see life's  
Hopeless blazing infernos and I am  
Not able to look away  
From what I don't want to see.  
I break away and run, searching for  
An oasis, but my canteen is filled with  
Poisoned mirages, and onward I go,  
Leaving no "X's" on the trees which  
I pass. I race to be the first to  
Ring the bell, but the rope is frayed  
By the tugs of others before me.  
I cast away the yellowed maps of the  
World and go calmly through the  
Wilderness. I will prick my finger  
On the spinning wheel and be awakened  
By a kiss of hope. Perhaps the  
Thickets will be so dense happiness  
Cannot squeeze through. Because we  
Don't lick our fingers, we are civilized.  
"Nay," I say. I protest, but I am  
Mocked by the crowd and pelted with stones.*

## I NEVER THOUGHT

Carol Procter, '66

*I never thought I'd be content to sit  
And meditate upon a blowing bough  
Or gaze upon just nothing in the sky  
Save one unnamed speck that's blowing by.*

*I never thought I'd limit my discourse  
To playful glances traded with the trees  
Who seem to share my joy in sitting still  
And sometimes bow as if to do my will.*

*I never thought my heart could be so full  
Of love and beauty in such simple things  
The sky, the earth, and all that's in between  
That I have always looked at but not seen.*

*It's great to be home!*

## WAVES

Lucinda Trabue, '66

*Rolling, falling, running jade  
Jeweled with droplets of diamond spray  
Pearly fingers etch in crystal sands  
Quiet glimmers of untold lives and loves.*





## OCTOBER LULLABY

Genevieve Lewis Steele, '67

*The leaves are falling, swirling lightly,  
Laced with frost, they lie like silver.  
Catch them, baby, luck will follow  
One who catches falling leaves.*

*Mist is rising, mist means mystery,  
Dew damp shoes and soft drawn breath.  
'Til the thief-sun steals them from us,  
Rusts our weird world into day.*

*Now the leaves for stomping, kicking,  
Shouting, running, are our toys.  
Leaf-mold sticks to corduroy jackets,  
Smells of smoke and swells of fire.*

*The leaves are falling, swirling lightly,  
Laced with frost, they lie like silver.  
Catch them, baby, luck will follow  
One who catches falling leaves.*

## MESSAGES

Paula Whitson, '69

There has never been an idea expounded that has been fully understood. The small alteration made in the thought transference, no matter how slight, changes the idea. This alteration is always present, for the thought must be interpreted to fit another's mind and experiences. A shining idea evolving out of someone's soul in a brief moment of wisdom could only be dimmed in an attempt to offer it to someone else. As it is an impossibility to interpret one language into another and receive the complete meaning it holds behind each word, in the same way, it is impossible to interpret thought and receive the complete meaning it holds. Before an idea is accepted it must be reinterpreted. An attempt to transmit thought cannot be anything but futile.

## CLOUDS

Betty Harlin, '66

*Rough cotton hung on  
silver threads  
Spun into fancies  
my mind  
creates.*

## DISCOVERY

Mary Pickens, '67

*There was question in my heart.  
I put my hand on your knee,  
My head on my hand.  
Though I sighed, you didn't move;  
Your body was cold and stiff.  
Statue-like we sat affixed in the dark . . .  
I stare and gaze, still remembering  
Someone said, "Love conquers all."*



## FOREST QUEST

Monty Blue, '67

*Today I wished to ride alone  
To search out new; refine the old.  
With this in mind, I turned my mount  
Toward long forgotten wooded hills.*

*Upon our entrance of the woods,  
We found a path made by the deer  
To guide us through the maze of trees  
And speed us on our wandering way.*

*Loose-reined my pony thumped along.  
His new-shod hooves erased the prints,  
The signatures of phantom deer,  
Who shadow-like slipped through the woods.*

*The damp spring breeze blew through my hair  
And fluffed my poney's bushy mane  
While leaves made dancing sunlight lace  
Upon the leafstrewn forest floor.*

*Then with an unsuspected twist  
The trail revealed a rushing creek  
Surrounded by the prints of deer  
And tracks of other forest folk.*

*My eyes glanced down the creek's quick route,  
But halted when they reached a spot  
Where once an unknown man cut down  
The crowded mass of fat-trunked trees.*

*Today a heap of rotting logs  
Was left to mark his humble hut  
And saplings pushed up through the heap  
Reclaiming Nature's pilfered land.*

*Beside the crumbling pile of logs  
A growth of underbrush concealed  
A crooked row of leaning stones  
Which rose out of the deep green moss.*

*But Weather's slow persistent hand  
Had washed away their epitaphs  
Except the hut and cleared-out wood  
Which showed for what the people stood.*

*The nuances of the place entranced  
The melancholy of my mind  
And made me make a simple wish  
Before I turned my pony home.*



---

## WAITING?

Jenny Pappas, '67

*You came into my life and stayed awhile; then  
left me,  
Alone and waiting, remembering and hoping:  
You came again and as before I believed,  
Only to fall into the depths of despair, regret,  
humiliation,  
Unable to satisfy my longing, my useless desire.  
But now, as I stand apart from the past, puzzled  
by what is to come,  
You appear with all your faults, things I  
overlooked before.  
And with this glimpse of reality I gain the  
strength, the courage, to keep from waiting.*

## JUNY

Susu Wilson, '67

*He looks at me with deep, dark eyes  
Inquiringly, intently, and even  
Sort of mockingly,  
As if to hint that he had knowledge  
That I can never even hope to have,  
As if he had an understanding of  
The real truth of things  
Perhaps he does—  
He seems to ask, "Who are you?" and  
"What are you doing?"  
Now I ask you,  
Are horses all as dumb as man makes  
Out they are?*



## OCTOBER'S DRAMA

Betty Harlin, '66

*The day has opened with a hint of dawn  
Which slowly swells till bursting forth anew  
In radiance bright, to spur the birds to song.  
The earth's awake and sports an autumn hue.  
No mediocre color, this, but one  
Full-bodied, rich, profuse in tints of green,  
Which clothes the hills in carmine suede to best  
The artist's tubes of paint. Unfolds a scene  
To catch the breath of all who do behold  
This masterpiece of tapestry. Light dulls,  
And darkened sky sends earth to nest and fold.  
The whole grows still, anticipating lull.  
Comes dusk, last scene before the end of day;  
Curtains of stars now close this grandest play.*

## THE FIRE

Pam Trautman, '66

*The gray dust sifts and settles.  
A stench of burnt glory lingers to testify.  
I was great, strong, proud  
Huge logs crumbled under my heat.  
A thin pale vapor of hot air sails up the dark hall  
As the last coal burns itself into gray death.*

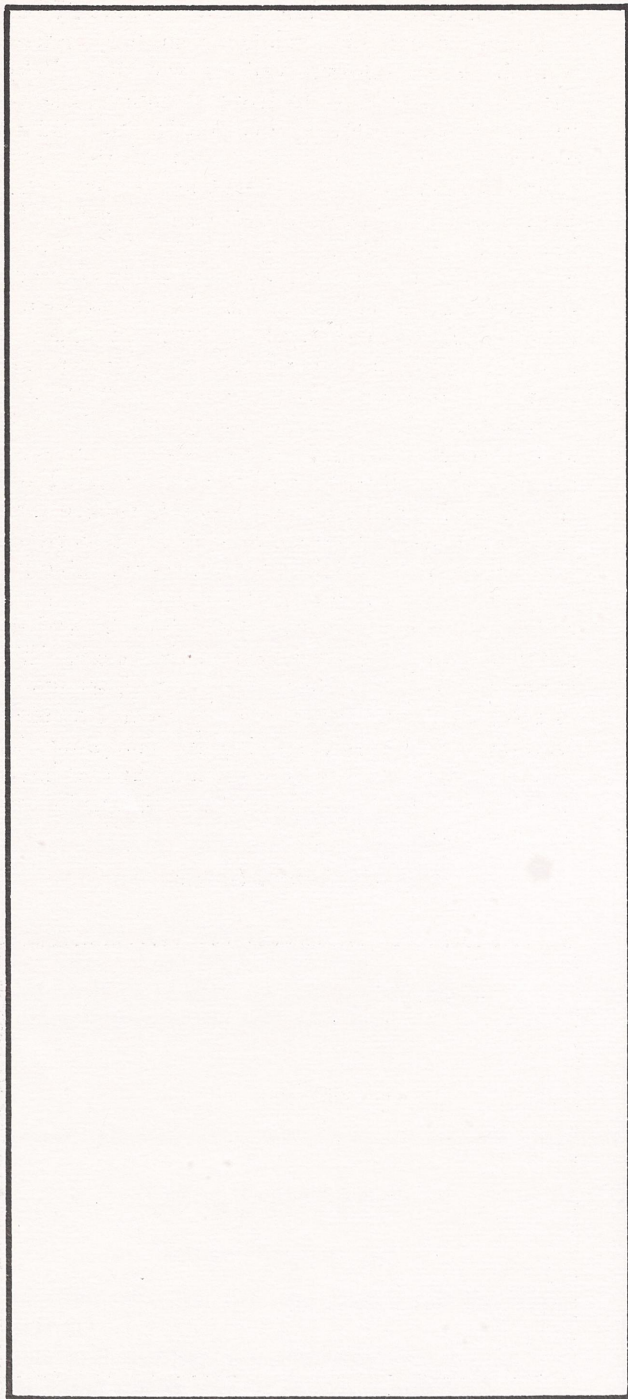
## A MINUTE AGO

Nicki Snell, '67

*A boy was killed a minute ago,  
And now another one's gone—  
Neither lived to be a man,  
Nor came near twenty-one.  
They never voted, but they fought—  
Though never sure just why,  
While back at home some people sneered  
And wanted them to die.  
And safe at home some mocked the cause  
The boys were fighting for.  
They had no reason—only that  
There shouldn't be a war.  
Most of the sniveling coward bunch  
Were men, or so they said.  
If this is what we call a man—  
Thank God the boys are dead.*



# A DAY IN THE LIFE OF JOHN MILTON



The wren in the nest outside the window chirps, and a dog can be heard barking in the distance. His eyes open wide and do not blink at the bright sun flooding the chair and spilling over onto his face, but his cheek feels its warmth. His legs are still propped on the stool where the night before they had formed a table out of habit for the useless book now indignantly lying on the floor. He rises abruptly, breaking the mood of serenity, and strides past the mirror without a glance. In the pantry he slowly chews a crusty roll with nothing to quench his thirst, because this food is eaten merely for the sake of sustaining him. He grabs his cane and hastens through the main room where his daughters sit sewing quietly, raising their eyes timidly for an instant to inquire whether their father would be needing their nimble hands for his writing today. He feels their presence but gives no indication of acknowledgement.

Once outside, he pauses. He sniffs, smelling the musty earth and the fresh foliage; he listens, hearing birds' songs and squirrels' chatters; he touches, feeling rough bark and smooth branches. He walks on, knowing the way, and stops to lean against a tree. He thinks. Thoughts pass through his mind, forming ideas no common man could understand. Hours slip like minutes, and he is happy. But his happiness cannot be explained as the happiness that other people know: smiles at a gift received or a game won. His happiness is satisfaction with a truth discovered or a poem developed. He rises and returns.

When he enters the house, he can no longer meditate on serious matters, because he is among humans, and their trivial thoughts interfere with his. He seats himself at the table, and, in order to preserve his thoughts before they are defeated by others, he dictates to his daughters all the glorious ideas that have presented themselves in silence to him that day. The words flow from his mind into the uncomprehending hands of the two girls, and they write. His voice begins to lag, his head nods, and they leave him to his sleep. The meal they have prepared for their father lies untouched, for what is food to one who must reveal his ideas to others and make them understand?

Margo Miller, '66



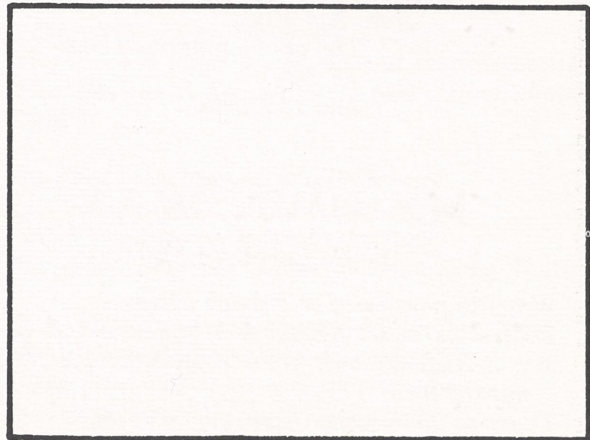
*The morning broke with joyful light  
 And drove away the pensive night;  
 I woke, my hand there by the book  
 Through which in night's repose I'd looked  
 Till Morpheus had my thoughts remade  
 To mysteries less fixed and staid,  
 And from my window sweet and clear,  
 A thrush-song wafted to my ear,  
 While the brittle, cool, and soft new day  
 Whittled all night's damp away.  
 My quiet and peaceful poet's nook,  
 Where oft by night with pen and book  
 I study by the candle's gleam  
 And pause to ponder poet's dreams,  
 Was cold and drear in daylight's glare  
 And strangely lonely, quiet, and bare;  
 I left my books and favorite quill  
 To heed the robin's eager trill,  
 To roam the flowered meadowlands,  
 To touch God's beauty with my hands.  
 Then to its peak the chariot strove,  
 While Phaeton the horses drove,  
 Scorching the earth with searing heat  
 Till homeward went I from my retreat.  
 I slept a restful, wasted hour  
 And woke with plans to roam some more,  
 But Fate had hoped to spoil my day  
 And banished all the light away;  
 Yet happily I took my pen  
 With great delight to write again.  
 How quickly spent my afternoon;  
 The present was the past too soon!  
 From frivolous pleasures held aloof,  
 I heard the raindrops on the roof;  
 I felt the trembling thunder's groan  
 And loved the calm of hearth and home;  
 I unlocked countless mysteries  
 Of poets and of histories,  
 And spent my hours in God's commune,  
 Lulled by Heaven's graceful tune.  
 Night's cold darkness fell silently;  
 The fire's warm embers enlightened me  
 With pensive shadows, dimly cast,  
 To follow learned footsteps past;  
 While Mnemosyne's daughters called to me,  
 Clio, Euterpe, Melpomene,  
 The truths of learning filled my head,  
 Where still my soul's delight is bred.*

*The rain is stopped; the night is still;  
 Cynthia hovers o'er the hill;  
 And here I stand as all men must,  
 Midway between delight and dust:  
 The dark is leaving, day will come;  
 And yet the nighttime lingers on.  
 Divinity is just: He makes  
 Man choose the course of Life to take.  
 While Lachesis spins, I stumble on,  
 Struggling to hear my own life's song:  
 The question falls on every man:  
 Orpheus' lyre or the pipes of Pan.*

Jane West, '66

I have been working at the Milton estate at Horton for nearly six years and have noticed the different life of Master John from the lives of young men I have been associated with in previous occupations. As a houseman, I observe John, if I may so call him, while he studies, amuses himself, and performs various activities. Why should one man wish to learn so much? Before breakfast, even during his meals, and while everyone sleeps, he reads books of the dead languages until he knows Greek and Latin better than the King knows the King's English. His hunger for knowledge is comparable to a drunkard's thirst for wine. Yet young John is far from dull. At the age of twenty-four, he writes poems of the highest quality. On a scrap of paper I found a rough copy of a newly completed poem named "L'Allegro." This was hard for an old man with no education to understand, but with assistance of a friend in the clergy, I uncovered a line of thought that I will cherish forever. John studies and writes poems. Does this signify that he is weak like a frail woman? Being a Puritan, John observes the Sabbath by dressing plainly, but when the peasants in the neighboring huts retire for their day of rest, John finds it hard to resist devoting the afternoon to the organ. This is not a show of sacrilege for many times while passing his room, I hear John's determined voice reading work he is preparing for pamphlets in defense of the Puritan cause. I am old and have seen men with John's capacity fail, maybe he will succeed.

Cissy Caldwell, '66





## THE CASTLE OF SAND

Betsy Consor, '66

*I built the castle there so long ago:  
A fortress strong, its towers tall and bold  
As shaped by childish hands, of molten gold  
And dreams. A product of my youth hopes,  
It held a spell of future times, a glow.  
But the finger of the slow tide holds  
No respect for dreams or castles it beholds.  
The lacy glove of foam that comes and goes  
Crept up to feel the precious walls of sand  
That held my life and hope within its beams.  
The stealthy sea tore at the castle, wearing  
Huge holes, decaying, causing ruin, and  
Collapse. The beach now holds no magic, dreams,  
Or future promise, only flawless sandy nothing.*

## LOOKING OUT

Anne Paine, '67

*Down  
Way down  
Stuck in the perpetual Cycle  
Of Life,  
Growing more civilized,  
Closer to truth,  
Yet farther from peace.*

*In the wet drizzle  
Forever falling  
We find nothing.  
Nothing but stark, cold realism.  
Hate and greed.  
The opening of one's eyes  
To Life  
And to Death.*

## MY OWN WAY

Debby Caroland, '67

*When in perplexity and shock I learn  
That days aren't always fun and fair and free,  
My thoughts whirl 'round, grow blurred and  
inward turn  
To try to understand what eyes can't see.  
If roads ahead are dim from dirt or dust,  
The proper way might so beclouded get  
That in myself I nearly lose all trust,  
But realize the choice is still mine yet.  
Though older ones will want to set me there  
Upon the beaten paths that they have trod,  
I'd rather try new roads that take me where  
I choose without their disapproving nod.  
So let me make my errors all alone  
Discovering and testing 'til full grown.*

## LISTEN TO ME

Andrea Davis, '66

*Listen to me.  
Don't shutter your mind  
To keep out the night.  
I am here in the  
Darkness, and a single  
Shaft of light could  
Put out my eyes.*

*And when the night is gone,  
All that will remain will be  
The charred wicks of  
Half-burned candles,  
And the red light of the dawn  
In your lean eyes.*

*And you'll not see me  
Standing at the window  
Drawing tiny crayon stars  
On the shade.*



## INSTANT REQUEST

Genevieve Lewis Steele, '67

Rolls. Peanut butter. Paper towels. Cheese. I review in my mind the grocery list my mother had written down for me, which now lies on the kitchen counter while I drive down this hundred-times familiar street. It is four o'clock. Sure now of the paper's contents, my mind is empty. I flick on the radio to fill the void with the dee-jay's mindless chatter. I don't listen to what he says, but the fact that he is saying it with the usual inane patter gives things a security through its familiarity that somehow I have not been able to find in this day.

Another voice comes in over the radio, second-hand, quiet and rational. I listen. "I'd like to hear 'Universal Soldier' by Donovan."

"And who for?" The dee-jay's voice is raucous by comparison.

"Just for Frank."

Just for Frank.

The pathos of Frank intrudes upon my inert isolation. I think. Frank is easy to type—intelligent, sensitive, shrewd, for the song he requested is recklessly exquisite in form, and strong, though incomplete, in idea. He is solitary, for he has no one else to request a song for, not one with whom he can link his name. He is at home at an hour when most students are either working on projects at school or bumming around in packs.

I put on the brake slowly as I approach the intersection, but the light turns green as I get there. A man turns in front of me, and then I cross.

Since he, Frank, is alone, my reason tells me that he must be objectionable in many ways. He is conceited and ugly. He shows off in class and stays aloof in the halls and lunchroom. Yet at this moment in time he is only lonely and slightly bitter, a stranger whose bleak and unsettled mood finds analogy in my own.

I swing into a parking place and put on the brake. The song is just ending; I have not heard it. I turn off the motor before the dee-jay can speak. The keys are cold as I put them in my pocket.

Frank, guy, I wish I knew you.

## BUTTERCUPS

Betty Harlin, '66

Yellow  
poking through the green  
Such bravado,  
defying the lion breeze.

## SONNET TO A CHANGING SEASON

Mary Pickens, '67

When gold baubles fall from high aloft  
And follow ever lightly so the breeze,  
'Tis then that Autumn's eyes again close soft  
Her sigh is heard yet through the sleeping trees.  
And while in sweet repose she lives unknown,  
The beauty of the aging day to die,  
Into the air the wintry breath is blown  
And crystal snowflakes fall on earth from sky.  
The moon, a smile upon the lips of night,  
Reveals once more the tempest of the snow  
As flakes, like snowbirds at the height of flight  
Are blown, then nestle on the ground below.  
Now blanketed by silent snow she sleeps  
And winter guards the beauty Autumn keeps.

## ODE TO THE GRADING MACHINE

Lynn Stevenson, '67

(to be read with a Maxwell Smart accent—)

*I took the National Merit Scholarship Tests the  
other day;*

*I have a strange feeling things will not turn out  
my way.*

*So what if I ran out of blocks for my name!  
Is that to be my source of unending shame?  
Who cares if I got mixed up and marked male?  
Does this mean I'm going to fail? (How about  
jail?)*

*The edge of my paper got a little bent.  
As a matter of fact, it resembled a tent.  
I think I got my code numbers wrong;  
The address of our school is now Hong Kong.*

*In the distance far, far away, in another state,  
The high exalted machine sits and waits.  
Never fear—my paper will soon be there  
And then the machine will have a care.*

*It will spit my paper out onto the floor.  
My masterpiece—to be heard of no more.*

*Some humble janitor will sweep it away,  
To the city dump where it will stay.  
Just because I wasn't very smart—  
And, besides, that dumb machine has no heart.*



# CINQUAINES

*Water,  
Sparkling, laughing,  
Winding along its way,  
Until a child builds a dam, then  
It stops.*

**Nena Couch, '68**

*The bath,  
A blissful shell  
Of warmth, holding vague dreams.  
Sweet baubles which break on contact  
With sound.*

**Debbie Baker, '68**

*Misty  
And hung with dew  
The world yawns, stretches till  
A sleeping orange eye gets up  
And blinks.*

**Fondé Thompson, '68**

*Barbra,  
A graceful name.  
Climbing over a cliff,  
Leaping to earth, to a valley  
Of song.*

**Debbie Baker, '68**

*A queen:  
That's what I am,  
In a long, pale-blue gown,  
More beautiful than all; I am  
In love.*

**Fondé Thompson, '68**

*Before  
Brisk autumn days  
Arrived, I watched green leaves  
Dancing with the breeze, but that was  
Summer.*

**Betsy Campbell, '68**

*Raindrops.  
Small crystal worlds  
Complete within clear walls.  
Who knows what type creatures live and  
Die there?*

**Debbie Baker, '68**

*The leaves,  
Tumbling gaily  
Down at the slightest breath  
Of wind, to meet their destiny—  
A grave.*

**Millie Ozier, '68**

*Proudly,  
Tall tress parade;  
Like dark black ink they etch  
Clear lines through flaming skies, to frame  
Sunset.*

**Betsy Campbell, '68**





## INCIDENT

Genevieve Lewis Steele, '67

*I saw an ugly child the other day  
Who tripped upon the stairs, and dropped her  
books.  
I stooped to gather papers and to say  
"Those steps are slick." then, startled by her looks,  
My smile grew stale. I murmured something trite  
And hurried on my way. I could not wait  
For smile or tearful thanks, for such a sight  
Offends aesthetic values. Yet of late  
I cannot help but ponder on this scene  
As if in penance for intolerance.  
Why could I not a moment let one lean  
Her shame upon my strength of pride? For once  
They saw, might draw the thin and tenuous line  
From what is hers, to what I fear is mine.*

## IF ALL

Andrea Davis, '66

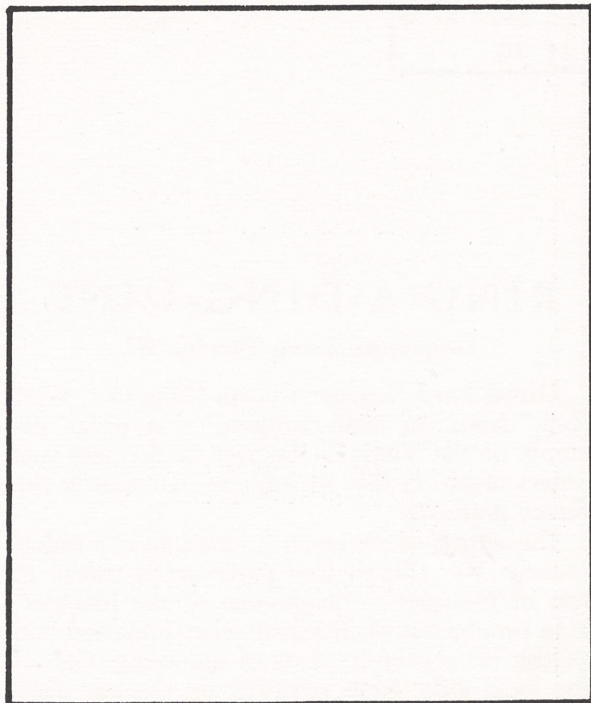
*If all I ever did  
Day and night  
Night and day  
Every day was  
Write and write  
I guess sooner or  
Later I'd run out  
Of things to say.  
But I doubt it.  
I'd just start all  
Over again writing  
Down things I'd  
Already written  
Except perhaps I'd change  
It around a bit  
So I wouldn't get  
Bored holding this  
Pen.*

*If all I ever did  
Day and night  
Night and day  
Every day was  
Love you I guess  
Sooner or later  
I'd run out of  
Love for you.  
But I doubt it.  
If I ever did  
Find myself coming  
To the end of it  
I'd just turn around  
And go back a  
Different way.*

## DISGUISED

Mary Pickens, '67

*How can they say we were friends?  
We never spoke.  
But still the smile  
Would linger in my mind  
And come back again when I, in trouble for a  
while,  
Would need a friend.*



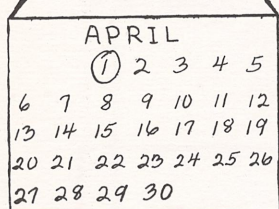
## REVERIE

Anne Browning, '66

*The forest is veiled in darkness and in mystery,  
Just as in secret your mind and heart are clothed.  
And how and when shall I succeed in both  
Opening and wandering the paths of your soul in  
reverie?  
The forest in the sylvan depths reaches, to be  
Bathed in sunlight and music. But you are loathe  
To open your eyes to faith and love, to give both  
Trust and intimacy to a longing heart, to me.  
To open your eyes to faith and love, to give both  
I shall find the panacea for doubts and fears  
That dwell in the deepest brambles of your soul,  
Cut back the briars that to my eyes bring tears,  
Destroy the beasts of loneliness. You, love, the  
role  
Shall play of nymph who flits from depth to  
height  
Of sylvan wood, discovering himself in flight.*



# BONUS THEMES



## RING-A-DING-DING

Genevieve Lewis Steele, '67

Alfred, Lord Newman's poem "Ring Out, Wild Nell," from "In Memorandum," is a prime example of the Victorian interest in the sensuous aspect of life in that its form and content fit the theme perfectly.

The setting of the poem is midnight at a rather raucous New Year's Eve party at the home of one of Newman's friends—one of the innumerable benefactors of literature who supported him during his seventeen years of mourning. One of the local girls, Nell, is sitting on the bar table while the young blades sing to her. The church bell is ringing the hour, and its chimes are heard in the poem's rime scheme of abba:

"Ring out, wild Nell, for the wild rye  
Dodge flying mugs, they hit you might  
Your lover's lying in the wight  
Ring out wild Nell, and let him lie,"

One can clearly hear the dong of the bell from one side (bb) to the other (a . . . a).

The diction, which is not overly scholarly, brings out the homely, even shallow feeling of the poem. Newman, always an idealist, usually used the vernacular in his poetry to show his sympathy with the common man. Today he would not bother, but instead vote him hand-outs.

Above all, the theme, that man's inner nature is not what his outer nature should be, but rather an extension of external forces whose influences vary in their strength, origin, and purpose according to the individual, is drummed into the reader's mind by the incessant battering of Newman's redundant pen strokes.

## ANALYSIS OF "CROSSING THE BAR"

Jean Williams, '67

Alfred, Lord Tennyson was a poet of the Victorian Age who wrote in Victorian style about Victorian people who lived a Victorian life. His poem "Crossing the Bar" is a wonderful example of the romantic realism. Its structure and content really does make the whole poem. Its analysis is very content and structural. The theme is not important to the realism of the irony because the symbolism creates an emotional imagery of disturbance within the author.

One night while Tennyson was out enjoying his lusty life (how's that for alliteration?), he found his way (miraculously!) into Trudy's Bar where he saw a beautifully formed wench of the ages behind the bar. Suddenly swept over by a great urge, Tennyson leap over the bar to talk to this girl and became inspired. We see this in the lines,

"And one clear call for me!

And may there be no moaning of the bar,"

Thus in beginning. I will write a conclusion. By my use of alliteration, symbolism, irony, paradox, synecdoche, onomatopoeia, monotony, mononucleosis, encyclopedictomy, and Asian measles, and the German flu, one can easily see that the cosmic irony and the peon have absolutely nothing to do with this poem. As a matter of factual knowledge and complete understatement, Tennyson was so drunk when he wrote this poem that he even forgot to finish his beer.





## THE LEAF OF LOVE

Lucinda Trabue, '66

Come walk with me, my friend. If you look up at the old oak tree, you will see that there is one blazing leaf flying aloft from the uppermost bough. Its brilliance dazzles all who behold this singular artistry of Nature's fling with autumn passions. The red-orange glow warms the brisk and breezy season. This leaf was born in the cool, quiet peace of a blooming spring. It drank in all the sunny insouciance of the summer days. I have looked at it each day to see its beauty and to witness its valiant spirit. It clings there, but I know it must want to break away. Yet how can it? Its life is the tree on which it grows. Apart from it, how can the lovely leaf survive? A strong wind will come to try its waning strength and endurance. Then it will yield and fall silently to earth, for no complaint could express the loss it has suffered. I need your hand to hold when the leaf is falling. It is now apart from the powerful oak which gave its life meaning. It lies dying on the cold, wet ground with the lifeless, withering leaves blown down yesterday by Aeolus's gusty breath. The leaf which once possessed a beauty lauded by man and the heavens alike has now become a lost remnant of such perfection. When you see your leaf falling, run to catch it before it touches the hard, cruel ground. Even if you must let go my hand to rescue such falling loveliness, save it from the slow and painful death.

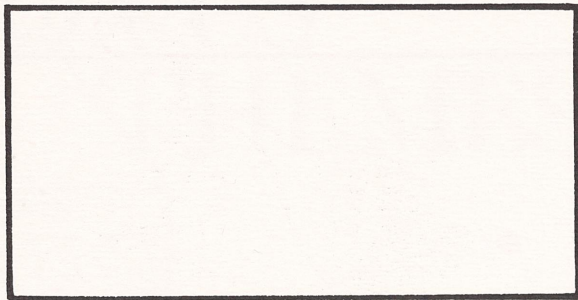
## IT'S GONE

Jenny Tippens, '68

*She walks across the moors without the sun  
With melancholy darkness round her eyes.  
Her crying makes the wildlife solemnize  
And pray for her although she is unknown—  
Because she seems unwillingly alone.  
Her face grows like the darkening English skies.  
She has to bear a loss solely her own.  
And no one else is privileged to see  
The chains which ne'r will let her spirit free.*

*But now with heavy sigh she drops a ring;  
It tumbles to the mire upon the slope.  
Perhaps without this symbol there is hope—  
But worse, now she has naught to which to cling.*





## SOLILOQUY

Jane West, '66

I listened for the silence. It came with the wind, and it was cold on my face. The dust crept up about my feet, chaining me to the earth; and though it wasn't quite time, I felt the shiver welling up inside me; my senses already were trembling. I watched the darkness and wondered where it ended. Still, it crowded about me, trying to shelter me, hide me. But where do you hide tears? Not in the darkness: it hears, the silence hears; and the cold wind hears and carries the sound on with it. There's no place to hide from yourself.

Then, I felt it coming. The earth quivered under my feet, and the darkness cracked a little. I heard it groan and rumble, and saw the spear-like shaft of light which darted from the edge of blackness. The rumble became a roar, and the last touch of silence fled with the sudden shriek of the whistle. I couldn't stop my trembling as it passed me by, clattering, rattling, groaning, straining, tugging. My mind was filled with the unbearable noise and the wounding light. I felt colder than before, and I closed my eyes, covered my ears with my hands, and stood there, shivering still.

It was dark again, and only one, far away lonely whistle blast broke the silence. I looked up and thankfully saw nothing but night. I took a step; the dust-bonds broke easily, and I could go on with my journey. The trembling was nearly gone.

We had come from the same place, and our destinations were the same. In fact, in a way we were the same: travelers, drifters, roamers, searchers. Yet it came and it went, transported and carried, but never cared. It was on time: I was too late. I haven't got a schedule. Another town tomorrow, and another next month. I still have to look. It has a man to guide it, a friend to shine its light in the right direction. I travel in the dark, and I have no light.

It's a pity to be a stranger all one's life.

## IN THE SHADOW OF THE YARDBIRD

Paula Whitson, '69

I have a strange addiction to music, the beautiful music that drives away all my trivial thoughts and gathers my feelings into one coherent one, be it merry or melancholy. At the sound of music, I find myself seeing people on the edges of boxes, about to fall off, and my soul concentrated in my feet which immediately begin to tap in different beats. Music inspires the very small part of me that's beautiful and sets me wondering at life.

This magic has been the great need, sustenance, and destruction of greats such as Charlie Yardbird Parker, and as love or marihuana is the same today. The beating, driving rhythm of music itself draws and attracts the spirit, yet sets it wandering over the plain of innumerable questions that it stimulates. Rhythm and blues becomes not just a branch of music but a way of life. There are men killing themselves today on it.

Rhythm is a need. It is glorious, the essence of the sweet music and the pulse of existence. It has set me on my search for the truth, and is my solace when I find myself depressed by the fact that I will never find it.

## FUTILITY

Cathy Anderson, '68

*The candle shed its martyred tears to light  
A world that knew but death. The brilliant flame  
Declared the end of dark and sinful night,  
Not knowing that its fate would be the same  
As countless melted fragments gone before  
In arrogance. The burning tallow sought  
To lead the creatures to the open door,  
To guide their steps before the Devil caught  
Them in unyielding fists. Their ears and eyes,  
Long since closed tight by the soundless, sightless sea  
Of death, saw not the torch, nor heard the cries  
Of other dying sufferers, screaming violently.*

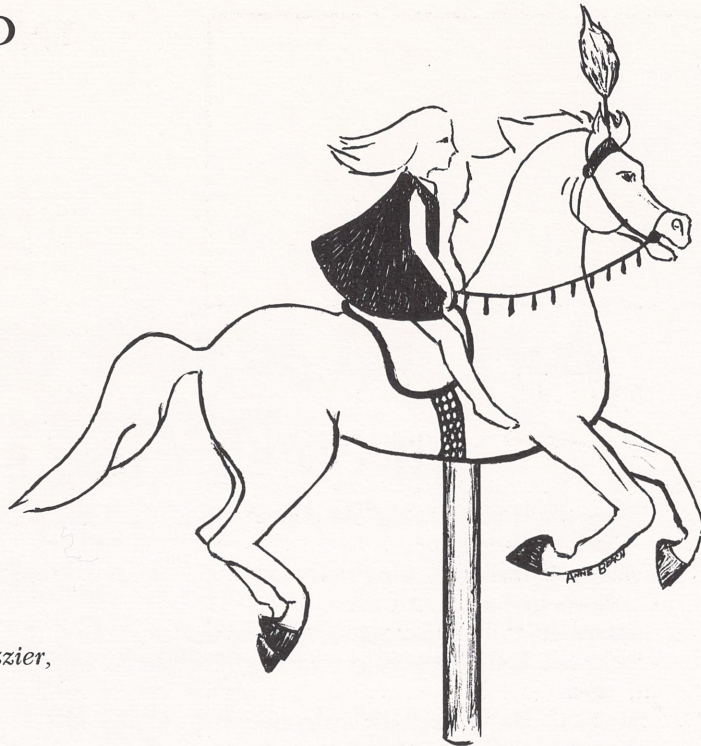
*The wick consumed itself in pools of ice  
For creatures heedless of the sacrifice.*



## MERRY-GO-ROUND

Becky Osborn, '67

*Sinners, repent, for your sins are  
Written in indelible ink.  
The campaigning mayor kisses the babies—  
A new epidemic, trenchmouth.  
A young Atlas trains to  
Hold the burdens of the world,  
And antibiotics give him resistance  
To fight the toxins of society.  
Swimming in the shark-infested waters,  
I catch a log adrift in motionless sorrow,  
And float over the waterfall into the  
Land of the dragon.  
Little boys, once so carefree, now  
Hum funeral dirges, and little girls  
Throw poisoned pieces of bread to the  
Sea gulls. Around and around and around  
Goes the merry-go-round, while I sit on my  
favorite  
Horse with the golden mane, getting dizzier,  
Laughing with glee.*



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## THE BARD'S LAMENT

from *IDOLS AND THE KING* with apologies to  
Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Jane West, '66

*What years are these that weigh so heavily  
Upon us? Stooping creatures, broken, bent,  
We crawl about, long squinting at the sun,  
Recalling what we once did dare to dream;  
And thus reliving life the way it was  
In long-since feeble minds which think of that  
Which should have been as that which truly was;  
Such days there were, when still the world was  
young,  
Those days before we had to face the truth:  
The world doth live; ah, we alone grow old,  
But think perhaps that we once lived, in youth.  
So much has gone and left us in despair,  
For few who came are here; the man we drank  
And laughed with yesterday laughs quietly on  
In bitterness from the grave, and takes his  
draught,  
The fatal Lethe, in his solitude.  
Yet we by death but touched, thus wearied, pray  
For simple thoughts of laughter-singing days  
From whence we've flown; the zenith of delight  
To the nadir of despair—there is no joy,  
Except to recall. . . .*



## HARPETH HALL IS'S

Harpeth Hall is trying to keep a straight face when a teacher tells you a story for the tenth time.  
Harpeth Hall is waking up on Monday morning knowing that the two days you've been living for are over.  
Harpeth Hall is learning to do three things at once.  
Harpeth Hall is parking your car so close to another that you can't get the door open.  
Harpeth Hall is a small scale view life—minus men.  
Harpeth Hall is a wistful stare at the world beyond the study-hall window.  
Harpeth Hall is knee socks, a brief case, and stringy hair.  
Harpeth Hall is never being able to find your coat because there are three others on top of it.  
Harpeth Hall is Daytona Beach behind the gym.  
Harpeth Hall is complaining about too much to do and then volunteering for just one more committee.  
Harpeth Hall is a "Villager" village.  
Harpeth Hall is the frustration of watching the friend you ran down the steps with get her tray while you are still standing far back in the "eat early" line.  
Harpeth Hall is the helping hand of which as Freshmen we eagerly take hold, and as Seniors squeeze with thanks for well-learned knowledge of texts and life.  
Harpeth Hall is a soothing, scholarly security one finds after searching for four years.  
Harpeth Hall is one year of not knowing where you are going; one year of not wanting to go where you are going; one year of looking forward to the last; and one year of knowing you must start all over again in college.

## THE PENSTAFF CLUB



# THE CLASS POEM OF 1966

Andrea Davis and Jane West

*Sometimes at night  
I climb the stairway that leads to the roof,  
I stand up here  
Letting the cool air rush past my face  
And make me shiver.  
Behind me is the long dark stairway,  
Warm and secure,  
Confined and dark,  
Which led me here.*

*Here  
Where there's  
Chilly vastness  
Of unprotected infinity  
Of unknown things.*

*Here  
Where it's dark.*

*Now we stand,  
Every one of us together,  
On rooftops.  
Have we climbed from darkness into darkness?*

*Time holds us here, enchanted,  
In this world of Not-Quite-Yet and Never-Again.  
We stand in this limbo looking first one way,  
And then another, always searching, always wondering,  
Always unsure, even though we know  
What we must do. We know for we now look upon  
Those things which we have only glimpsed  
In our sweet agony of pre-wisdom.  
Ah, so much better to be now in this darkness of promised light  
Than to exist forever in the dimness of 10-watt knowledge.*



